

BATMAN
No. 47

JUNE...JULY
TEN CENTS



A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE

Special!
The
PERIL-PACKED
INSIDE STORY OF
"The
ORIGIN of
BATMAN"
!



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Tommy Jones says—

"MY ROADMASTER HAS EVERYTHING"



"Hey listen you kids! You should see the slick new Roadmaster I got for my birthday. Boy it's got just everything.

"Pop went down town and bought it: He said it was the grandest bicycle he ever saw. Said it was heaps better than the bike he had when he was my age. Honestly it's a wonder he didn't keep it for himself.

"I can't show you my Roadmaster but here's a picture of it. Look at those

long, sleek, modern lines. See that luggage carrier? Well right on the end is a new tail and stop light that works when you put on the brake. And see that searchbeam headlight? You should see it at night!

"Pop said the men who make Roadmasters know their stuff when they electronically weld those frames to make them 100% stronger." And he liked the Shockmaster fork and the wide base rims that makes the easiest riding bicycle you ever sat on.

"When I ride to school you can bet lots of kids wish they had a Roadmaster like mine. That's because the swell colors and shining embossed chrome really hits them in the eye. You must see a Roadmaster like mine."

Have your pop or mom take you to a Roadmaster dealer. He'll be glad to show you "America's Finer Bicycle." If there's no dealer in your town, send coupon for Roadmaster folder.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

THE CLEVELAND WELDING CO.
W. 117th St. & Berea Rd. • Cleveland 7, Ohio

Gentlemen: Please send folder describing Roadmaster, "America's Finer Bicycle" ()

I am enclosing 10c for a Bob Feller Picture ()

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

(please print plainly)

Get this Picture of

BOB FELLER

If you want an 8 x 10 autographed picture of Bob Feller the Strike-out King with his new Roadmaster, send 10c in coin to cover mailing and the coupon with your name and address.



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WHO

WHAT'S THE NEWEST THING IN FASHION-
AND IN FELONY? TWO UNRELATED
IDEAS, BUT THE CATWOMAN WEAVES
THEM TOGETHER TO CREATE A NEW
DESIGN IN BANDITRY! AND WHEN
THE MOST PHOTOGRAPHED MODEL OF
THE ROGUES' GALLERY SETS THE
STYLE FOR STEALINGS, THEN BATMAN
AND ROBIN, LIKE TWIN SCISSOR
BLADES, CUT THROUGH THE PATTERN
FOR FILFERY TO DESTROY FOREVER THE...

*"Fashions in
Crime!"*



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UNDER NIGHT'S PROTECTING DARKNESS, A FELINE CREATURE CREEPS STEALTHILY INTO THE WOMEN'S PRISON.

WITH THAT UNDER-RUNS INSTINCT ALL ANIMALS POSSESS, IT SEEKS OUT ITS MISTRESS — THE NOTORIOUS CATWOMAN!

HECATE! I KNEW YOU WOULD FIND ME! NOW... I'LL REMOVE THE SKEL-ETON KEY AND GAS CAPSULES I ALWAYS KEEP IN YOUR UTILITY COLLAR...

TO SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, THE NEWS IS A CALL-TO-ARMS!

AND SOON AFTER...

WHAT... UHHH...

HA! HA!

I REPEAT... THE CATWOMAN HAS ESCAPED JAIL!

WE'D BETTER GET OUR BATMAN AND ROBIN COSTUMES READY!

RIGHT! WE NEVER KNOW HOW SOON WE'LL BE NEEDING THEM WITH HER ON THE LOOSE!

ARR-ROO!

DAYS PASS, AND ONE AFTERNOON, AS THE CATWOMAN VENTURES FROM HIDING...

HMMH! SHE'S WEARING A SHORT SKIRT! SHE DOESN'T HAVE THE NEW LOOK!

SOMEONE SHOULD TELL HER TO READ A FASHION MAGAZINE!

HMMH! SINCE I'VE BEEN IN PRISON, THE STYLE HAS CHANGED! FASHION MAGAZINE! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA...



IN A SHORT TIME, **DAMSEL** BECOMES THE TALK OF THE FASHION WORLD...

DID YOU READ **DAMSEL'S** NEW DEPARTMENT? IT'S CALLED "THE STYLE OF THE MONTH".

YES, I KNOW! LAST MONTH'S CHOICE WAS A GOWN BY MILLIE KARNALEE! IT'S JUST TOO, TOO!

ONE MONTH LATER, A NEW WOMEN'S FASHION MAGAZINE MAKES ITS BOW...



ONE MONTH LATER, FURRIER, A. J. NIXON HAS A CALLER.

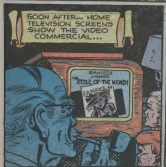
MR. NIXON, I'M MADAME MODERNE, PUBLISHER OF **DAMSEL**! I'VE CHOSEN YOUR MINK COAT AS "THE STYLE OF THE MONTH".

WELL, I'M HIGHLY FLATTERED!

THAT NIGHT... AS BRUCE VISITS A FRIEND, A RADIO EXECUTIVE...

STICK AROUND! WE'RE GETTING THE SET READY FOR **DAMSEL** MAGAZINE'S TELEVISED FASHION SHOW!

OKAY! WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE NEW LOOK!



SOON AFTER... HOME TELEVISION SCREENS SHOW THE VIDEO COMMERCIAL...



ALASKA HAS ITS GOLD BUT POSSESSES AN EVEN GREATER TREASURE IN ITS PROUDEST FUR... ALASKA MINK!



AS THE FASHION MODEL PIVOTS FOR THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE, SUDDENLY...



IN THE STUDIO...

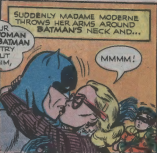
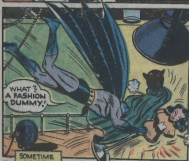


HA! HA!
I'M NOT A
CATFISH,
BUT I CAN FISH
FOR MINK!..

UNNOTICED IN THE EXCITEMENT, BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON SHED THEIR EVERYDAY GARB TO BECOME ONCE AGAIN—BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!



BUT THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE SEES THE BATMAN RECOVER, SPIN HIS SILKEN LASSO AND...







THAT NIGHT... AS MRS. VAN TYLER OPENS HER SAFE AGAIN TO PUT AWAY HER RINGS FOR THE NIGHT...

OH-H-H... I
SUDDENLY FEEL
FAINT... UHHH...



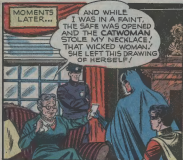
SOON AFTER...
A POLICE CALL
GOES OUT TO
THE FAMED
BATMOBILE...

CALLING
BATMAN! GO
TO THE HOME
OF MRS. VAN TYLER!
CALLING
BATMAN!...



MOMENTS
LATER...

AND WHILE
I WAS IN A FAINT,
THE SAFE WAS OPENED
AND THE CATWOMAN
STOLE MY NECKLACE!
THAT WICKED WOMAN!
SHE LEFT THIS DRAWING
OF HERSELF!



The
necklace
looks so
much better
on me!
Don't you
agree?



LATER... BATMAN REVEALS HIS FIRST CLUE TO ROBIN!

SEE MY SKETCH? THAT'S THE
USUAL WAY AN ARTIST DRAWS
THE NORMAL HUMAN FIGURE—
SEVEN HEADS HIGH! BUT
IT'S OBVIOUS THE CAT-
WOMAN'S SKETCH IS
NINE HEADS HIGH!



ONLY A FASHION ARTIST
DRAWS THE HUMAN FIGURE
THAT LONG, TO FLATTER THE
FEMALE FIGURE IN
ADVERTISEMENTS!

I GET IT! MRS.
VAN TYLER MENTIONED
MADAME MODERNE'S
VISIT! THAT COULD
MEAN THE
CATWOMAN IS
MADAME
MODERNE!





NEXT DAY... SOME OF GOTHAM CITY'S MOST FASHIONABLE WOMEN RECEIVE ENGRAVED INVITATIONS...

*Daniel Magazine
invites you to an exclusive
private showing
Daniel's
Fashion Exposition*

AND IN HER LAIR, THE CRIME QUEEN EXPLAINS TO HER HIRELINGS...

SO, YOU SEE, MY MAGAZINE HAS ANOTHER USE - TO GET THE WEALTHIEST WOMEN IN GOTHAM ALL TOGETHER IN THE SAME PLACE AT THE SAME TIME!

...AND ALL READY FOR PICKIN' AT THE SAME TIME, HAW!

NIGHTFALL... AND BEJWELED SOCIETY WOMEN FLOCK TO THE FASHION EXPOSITION...

GIANT NEEDLES... THIMBLES... SCISSORS... AND A HUGE SEWING MACHINE!

HOW SYMBOLIC OF THE SPIRIT OF FASHION THEY ARE, MY DEAR!

SUDDENLY... A PURRING VOICE...
GOOD EVENING!
AND NOW, LINE UP PLEASE...
AND HAND OVER YOUR VALUABLES!

YEAH... THIS IS A STICK-UP!

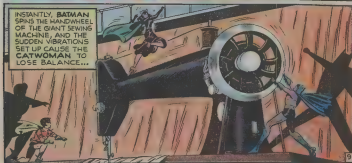
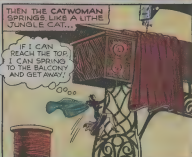
IF THERE'S ANY STICKING TO BE DONE, I'LL DO THE NEEDLING!

NOW, AMID THE GIANT REPLICAS OF SEWING EQUIPMENT, A STRANGE BATTLE IS TO TAKE PLACE!

OKAY, JOE... LET'S GIVE NOSY A HAIRCUT!



BATMAN





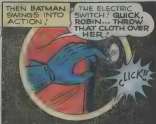
NET
RESULT—ONE
CAPTURED
CATWOMAN!



BUT THE CATWOMAN
BARES HER GLEAM-
ING CLAWS!

OUT OF
MY WAY,
BRAT, BEFORE
I SCRATCH
YOUR EYES
OUT!

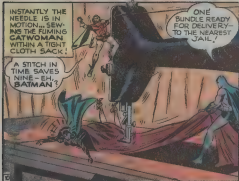
YOW!



THEN BATMAN
SWINGS INTO
ACTION!

THE ELECTRIC
SWITCH! QUICK,
ROBIN... THROW
THAT CLOTH OVER
HER!

CLICK!



INSTANTLY THE
NEEDLE IS IN
MOTION... SEW-
ING THE FUMING
CATWOMAN
WITHIN A TIGHT
SACK!

A STITCH IN
TIME SAVES
NINE—EH,
BATMAN?

ONE
BUNDLE READY
FOR DELIVERY—
TO THE NEAREST
JAIL!



AND SOMETIME
LATER...

YOU'RE SO
INTERESTED IN FASHION
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT
LIKE THE NEW LOOK...
IN PRISON
STRIPES!

OOOHHH!

TOPS IN COMICS! BATMAN AND ROBIN ALSO FIGHT THE UNDERWORLD
IN DETECTIVE COMICS AND WORLD'S FINEST COMICS —



ANOTHER RUN
SCORED IN KEDS!

KEDS SHOOPROOF ARCH CUSHION

SHOOPROOF
INSOLE



SHOOPROOF
HEEL

Only Keds Have ALL These Features:

- Scientific Last lets toes grip for action
- Planted two-piece tops; won't bind
- Smooth inside construction
- Balanced toughness throughout
- Traction Sole; non-marking
- Full-grip eyelets
- Wash clean with soap and water

They're not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoe



DINK



PRISTINE



SPEEDARCH

BE SURE TO ASK FOR U. S. KEDS
THE NAME IS ON THE SHOE

U.S. Keds
MADE IN U.S.A.
The Shoe of Champions

MADE ONLY BY

U.S. RUBBER
MAKING COMPANY

UNITED STATES
RUBBER COMPANY

SABOTAGE, SWEET SABOTAGE

DASHIELL HAMMETT'S
Adventures of SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade"
 every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

HURRY UP THAT PLANE! JOE! I'VE A LOT OF SKYWRITING TO DO TODAY!

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

MOTOR DEAD AGAIN!--AND MILES FROM THE AIRPORT!

HELLO-SAM SPADE? I'D LIKE YOU TO INVESTIGATE WHY MY PLANES ARE CRACKING UP! THIS IS THE THIRD CRASH LANDING I'VE HAD TO MAKE THIS WEEK.

SOMEBODY MUST WANT ME OUT OF THE SKYWRITING BUSINESS, SPADE!

SAM! LOOK AT THE ANTS SWARMING AROUND THE GAS TANK CAP!

ANTS! SAY THAT REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING I SAW IN THE HANGER... COME ON...

HERE'S A BOTTLE OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, SAM!

YEA! AND A BAG OF SUGAR! THAT'S WHAT THESE ANTS WERE AFTER!

SPADE! LOOK OUT!

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL MAKES YOUR HAIR LOOK SMART! GET A BOTTLE OR TUBE AT YOUR DRUG STORE TODAY ASK YOUR BARBER FOR A PROFESSIONAL APPLICATION.

IT'S THAT MECHANIC I HRED A MONTH AGO!

SAM, YOU NEVER TOLD ME WHY THAT MECHANIC PUT SUGAR IN THAT PLANE'S GASOLINE.

TO CLOG THE CARBURETOR AND STOP THE ENGINE! HE WAS PART OWNER IN A RIVAL SKYWRITING OUTFIT. SO HE TRIED TO WRECK OUR FRIEND'S BUSINESS A SWEET TRICK -- EH, SUGAR?



BATMAN

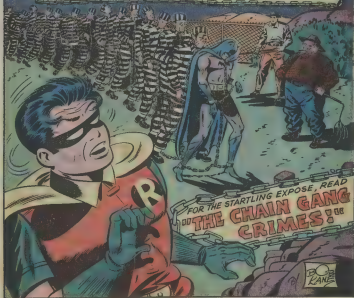


BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

"THE BOY WONDER"

BATMAN ON THE CHAIN GANG! THAT'S THE TERRIBLE ORDEAL HE VOLUNTARILY FACES... FOR ONLY BY MAKING HIMSELF A SHACKLED PRISONER, COULD THE LAWMAN LEARN THE SECRET BEHIND A SERIES OF DARING ROBBERIES! HOW DOES BATMAN SURVIVE THE BRUTAL TERRORS OF A CRUEL, OUTMODDED PENAL SYSTEM... FROM WHICH DEATH IS THE ONLY ESCAPE?



FAR FROM GOTHAM CITY, BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE BUSY ON A NEW CASE, AIDING A LOCAL SHERIFF IN ANOTHER STATE...

ROBIN, IF THE "WHISKERS MOB" STRIKES AGAIN TONIGHT, THEY WON'T EXPECT US AROUND.

I HOPE WE CAN STOP THEM! SHERIFF TOBEY SAYS THOSE BANDITS DISAPPEAR LIKE GHOSTS AFTER EACH JOB.



INSIDE THE HUGE PROPELLER MANUFACTURING WING OF THE SHIP COMPANY...

THIS LEADS TO THE SAFE WHERE THEY KEEP THE DOUGH!

THAT LEADS TO JAIL!

BATMAN AND ROBIN!



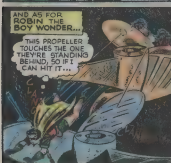
A HAND-ING PROP BECOMES A SHIELD AS BATMAN ACTS BOLDLY!

VERY CLEVER! INSTEAD OF MASKS, YOU THUGS WEAR, PHONEY WHISKERS.



AND AS FOR ROBIN THE BOY WONDER...

THIS PROPELLER TOUCHES THE ONE THEY'RE STANDING BEHIND, SO IF I CAN HIT IT...



IT WILL SPIN THE OTHER PROP AROUND... LIKE THIS!





ABRUPTLY...A CAR SHOOTS UP THROUGH THE WIDE DOORS...

HERE'S OUR BUS! LET'S L.A.M.!

PILE IN, GUYS!

EVEN AS THE BANDIT CAR SPEEDS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT, ANOTHER VEHICLE DRAWS UP...

I HEARD SHOTS! WAS IT THE WHISKERS MOB?

RIGHT, SHERIFF! START AFTER THEM BEFORE THEY DISAPPEAR! WE'LL FOLLOW IN THE BATMOBILE!

BUT THE CHASE IS SHORT-LIVED...

THE THUGS HAVE DYNAMITED THE BRIDGE! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE BACK ROAD TO CATCH THEM!

LATER... SOMEWHERE ON THE HIGHWAY...

NO SIGN OF THEM! I WONDER IF THEY TURNED DOWN THAT SIDE ROAD?

NOPE! IT LEADS DIRECTLY TO THE COUNTY PRISON CAMP! THAT'S ONE PLACE CROOKS AVOID—ESPECIALLY SINCE WARDEN BELTT TOOK OVER!

THE NEW WARDEN IS HARD...AND SO ARE THE MEN HE'S DEPUTIZED AS PRISON GUARDS! NO CROOK

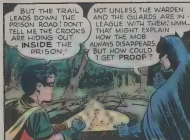
WOULD GO NEAR HIS CAMP! WELL, I'LL SEE YOU LATER ON!

WHEN THE SHERIFF WAS GONE, BATMAN'S KEEN EYES NOTE METALLIC GLINTS REFLECTED BY ROBIN'S FLASH...

SLIVERS OF MANGANESE BRONZE...THE SAME METAL USED BY THE SHIP COMPANY IN MAKING PROPELLERS!

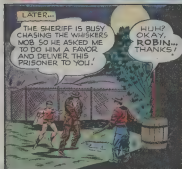
THE SHAVINGS MUST'VE STUCK IN THE GANG'S CAR TIRES AT THE PLANT AND DROPPED OFF

WHEN THE BANDIT CAR TURNED HERE!

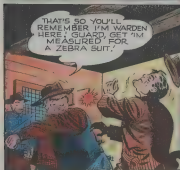


BATMAN PRESSES A SECRET BUTTON, AND A FLAP SWINGS DOWN INSIDE THE BAT-MOBILE, REVEALING AN INGENUOUS MAKEUP KIT!

IF BATMAN ENTERED THE PRISON, THE WARDEN WOULD BE SUSPICIOUS... BUT HE WOULDN'T SUSPECT A PRISONER!



SO IT IS THAT THE DISGUISED BATMAN IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE DREADED WARDEN BELTZ!



STRIPED SUIT AND LEG IRONS—THE COSTUME OF PRISONER 458 ON THE CHAIN GANG!





INSIDE THE PRISON BARRACKS, EMACIATED MEN STARE WITH DEAD EYES AT THE NEW CONVICT...

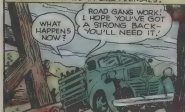


NEXT DAWN—
PRISON
BREAKFAST!

UGH! I CAN'T
EAT THIS
MESS! WHAT
IS IT?



LATER... PRISONERS ARE HERDED INTO TRUCKS... CHAINED IN LIKE ANIMALS!



PRESENTLY, HEAVY ROAD CONSTRUCTION LABOR BEGINS UNDER THE FERY SUN WHILE BRUTAL GUARDS SHOUT WHIPLASH COMMANDS...

YOU! LIFT THAT HAMMER! POUND THOSE ROCKS!

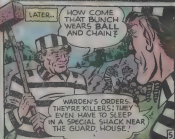
I... I CAN'T...
I'M SICK...MY
STOMACH...

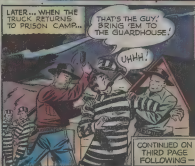
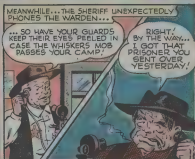
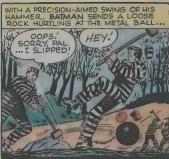


LATER...

HOW COME
THAT BUNCH
WEARS BALL
AND CHAIN?

WARDEN'S ORDERS.
THEY'RE KILLERS; THEY
EVEN HAVE TO SLEEP
IN A SPECIAL SHACK NEAR
THE GUARD HOUSE!





Bazooka

THE ATOM BUBBLE BOY

is
THE MISSING
MESSENGER

BAZOOKA, WE NEED YOUR HELP ON THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK ROBBERY CASE! I GUESS YOU READ ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS!

YES, COMMISSIONER, AND I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP!



HERE'S THE STORY: THE CAULEY GANG HAS ALBERT CRANE, THE BANK MESSENGER IN A SHACK HALFWAY UP THE MOUNTAIN.

WE SPOTTED 'EM FROM A PLANE BUT WE CAN'T LAND WITHIN 20 MILES.

AND IF WE GO UP THE MOUNTAIN AFTER THEM THEY'RE LIABE TO KILL CRANE AND RUN FOR IT.

THIS IS SOMETHING NEW! A SLEEP BOMB! IF YOU CAN THROW IT IN THE WINDOW OF THE SHACK IT WILL PUT THEM TO SLEEP FOR EIGHT HOURS!

MEANWHILE WE CAN GO UP THE MOUNTAIN AND GRAB THEM.

I THINK I CAN DO IT!



THIS IS MY SPECIAL BAZOOKA BUBBLE GUM! WATCH ME BLOW A GIANT BUBBLE AND SAIL OFF TO THE MOUNTAIN!

MY KIDS CHEW BAZOOKA, TOO! SIX BIG CHEWS FOR A NICKEL! THAT'S A BARGAIN!

WHAT A BUBBLE! WHAT A BOY!

COOL AS ICE! HE'S READING THE COMIC THAT COMES WITH HIS PACKAGE OF BAZOOKA GUM!

AK'OOZAB! AK'OOZAB! AND DOWN I GO!

HERE GOES THE SLEEP BOMB AND IN A FEW HOURS THE POLICE WILL BE HERE TO GRAB THE CAULEY GANG!

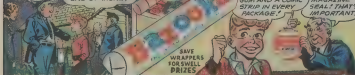


GREAT WORK, BAZOOKA! YOU'LL GET A BIG REWARD!

WHEN THEY WENT TO SLEEP, I WENT IN AND GOT MR. CRANE AND THE BAG OF MONEY!

HEY KIDS, YOU GET SIX BIG CHEWS FOR 5¢ WITH BAZOOKA BUBBLE GUM AND A COMIC STRIP IN EVERY PACKAGE!

AND BAZOOKA BUBBLE GUM HAS THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE SEAL! THAT'S IMPORTANT!



SAVE WRAPPERS FOR SWELL PRIZES

THE SECRET of MYSTERY MOUNTAIN!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY

WE WEREN'T LOOKING FOR TROUBLE WHEN WE STARTED OUR HIKE...

PEE WEE'LL BE POOPED BY THE TIME WE CLIMB THIS MOUNTAIN.

POOPED, EH? IF THEY ONLY KNEW THE TIP JIM WISE GAVE ME.

HEY! THERE ARE SOME MEN UP AT THE DESERTED CABIN!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

QUET NOW, FELLOWS.

WE'LL HIDE THE LOOT HERE UNTIL THE COAST IS CLEAR!

PEE WEE, RUN DOWN AND GET THE STATE POLICE.

HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT... LET ME GO!

WHAT JIM TOLD THE BOYS ABOUT "P-F" HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER, SPEEDS UP YOUR GAME, MAKES YOU A BETTER ATHLETE:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.

2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION... A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN "P-F" CANVAS SHOES.



* TRADE MARK

HEY, PIPE DE KID... GET HIM!



AFTER HIM, QUICK!

BANG



BUT JIM AND THE BOYS STEP IN...

IN THE EXCITEMENT, ONE OF THE ROBBERS ESCAPED WITH THE MONEY...



OUR MEN PICKED UP NUMBER THREE... THANKS TO YOUR SPEED, PEE WEE!

GOSH, WHAT A RUNNER! IT'S "P-F" FOR ALL OF US NOW!



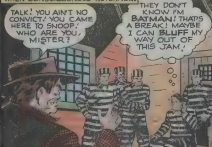
YOU'LL HAVE MORE SPEED AND STAYING POWER, TOO-- BE A BETTER ATHLETE--IF YOU INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES!

"P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY

B.F. Goodrich AND HOOD RUBBER CO.



WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS...



TALK! YOU AINT NO CONVICT! YOU CAME HERE TO SNOOP! WHO ARE YOU, MISTER?

THEY DONT KNOW I'M BATMAN! THAT'S A BREAK! MAYBE I CAN BLUFF MY WAY OUT OF THIS JAM!

THE DISGUISED BATMAN RIPS AT A WIDE STRIP OF FLUSH-COLORED, SKIN-TIGHT TAPE COVERING HIS CHEST...



I'VE GOT MY CREDENTIALS UNDER THIS LITTLE HIDING PLACE I'VE BEEN CARRYING AROUND WITH ME!

THEN HE UNFOLDS THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC MIRACLE--A COSTUME MADE OF NEW PLASTIC MATERIAL SO FINE IT CAN BE FOLDED INTO A THIN PACKET!



BATMAN!

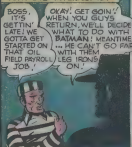
THE SHERIFF SENT ME HERE! IF I'M MISSING, HE'LL KNOW YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE!



ARE YOU KIDDING?! I HAPPEN TO KNOW THE SHERIFF DOESN'T KNOW YOU'RE HERE. THIS IS SOMETHING YOU'RE DOIN' ON YOUR OWN HOOK!

HAW! HAW!

SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE CONVICTS INTERRUPTS...



BOSS, IT'S GETTIN' LATE! WE GOTTA GET STARTED ON THAT OIL FIELD PAYROLL JOB!

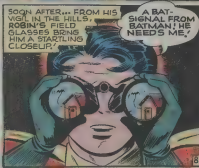
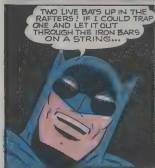
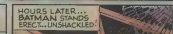
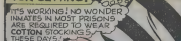
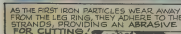
OKAY! GET GOIN'! WHEN YOU GUYS RETURN, WE'LL DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH BATMAN! MEANTIME... HE CAN'T GO FAR WITH THEM LEG IRONS ON!

AND NOW THE REAL PURPOSE OF THE BALL-AND-CHAIN IS REVEALED!



YEAH... TOO BAD BATMAN'S LEG IRONS DONT SLIP OFF AS EASY!

'COURSE OURS ARE MADE A LITTLE BIG FER OUR FEET! HAW! HAW!





LATER... A LONG BRANCH IS BROUGHT INTO PLAY!

MIND IF I VISIT AWHILE?



BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED GUARD CAN ACT, ROBIN COMPLETES HIS MISSION!

COME ON, BATMAN... LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE AT RUNNING!



IF WE'RE GOING TO WIN THIS RACE, WE'VE GOT TO SLOW UP THE OPPOSITION! NOW... LET'S GO!



AS THE DYNAMIC DUO IS SWALLOWED UP BY THE SURROUNDING BRUSH, BELTY MAKES QUICK PLANS FOR PURSUIT!

GET THOSE BLOODHOUNDS AFTER 'EM! IF THEY ESCAPE, OUR SETUP HERE IS FINISHED! SHOOT TO KILL!



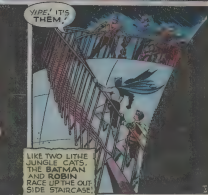
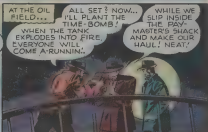
WE'VE GOT THE SCENT NOW! THEY WON'T GET FAR!

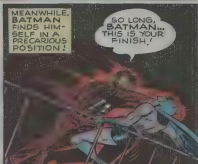


AS THE DEEP, SPINE-CHILLING BAYING OF THE HOUNDS SOUNDS CLOSER, THE FUGITIVES DECIDE ON A DESPERATE MOVE!

QUICKLY! THESE HOLLOW REEDS ARE OUR ONLY HOPE!









SOON AFTER...
GRIM, ARMED
LAWMEN CHARGE
INTO THE PRISON
CAMP!

IF ANY OF
YOU SKUNKS
WANTS A GUNFIGHT,
WE'RE READY TO
OBLIGE! LIFT YOUR
PAINS - HIGH!



BELTT'S
MAKIN' A
RUN FOR IT!
I'LL STOP
HIM!

DON'T WASTE A
BULLET, SHERIFF...
I'VE GOT JUST THE
THING FOR
HIM!



WIELDED BY BATMAN, IT
IS IRONICAL THAT LEG
CHAINS TRAP THE BRUTAL
CHIEF OF THE CHAIN GANG!

THAT'S YOUR
CONSCIENCE
YOU'RE TRIP-
PING! OVER!



HONEST
LAWMEN ALL
OVER OUR COUNTRY
AN' YOU HAD TO
COME ALONG!
IT'S A GOOD THING
MOST OF OUR WARD-
ENS ARE
HONEST!



LATER...
BATMAN
MAKES A
SPEECH...

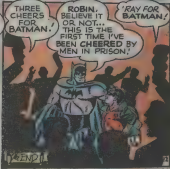
... AND IN CON-
CLUSION, MAY I SAY THAT FROM
NOW ON YOU'LL EAT DECENT
FOOD, GET A FAIR BREAK AND
A CHANCE TO LEARN AN
HONEST TRADE! THERE'LL
BE NO MORE CHAIN
GANG HERE!



THREE
CHEERS
FOR
BATMAN!

ROBIN,
BELIEVE IT
OR NOT...
THIS IS THE
FIRST TIME I'VE
BEEN CHEERED BY
MEN IN PRISON!

'RAY FOR
BATMAN!



READ ABOUT THE DARING DUO - BATMAN AND ROBIN - IN WORLD'S FINEST AND DETECTIVE COMICS!

This Tall Tale from Texas is true!



Ray O'Vac says:

"It's based on a letter in our files."

BY TONY ST. MARCO AND GARY HARRISON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARY HARRISON



1 "Coyote after the goose again? Where the Sam Hill's that flashlight goose? Good night! Have to get a new one tomorrow."



2 But, meanwhile, another goose has been caught by a crafty coyote, and is being carried away for a big family feast.



3 "So! Noon as I buy a new flashlight, my old one turns up. I'll hide this new one away somewhere as it'll be safe."



4 "Being in the army put this hunt off too long, but at last we've got a few. Now, my skinning knife—in the attic, I think."



5 "Here's the knife—and look—here's that flashlight I hid away—let's see—why that was 'way over 2 years ago'!"



6 "Whada you know, it works! What kind of batteries could possibly stay fresh that long? Let's take a look at them."



7 "I thought so. See? They're Ray-O-Vac Leak Proofs—the modern kind that are sealed in airtight to keep them fresh."



8 "And a guarantee on every one—a new flashlight free, if yours is ever burned by Ray-O-Vac swelling or sticking."

Only RAY-O-VAC makes batteries this way



+



+



+



+



+



+



=



RAY-O-VAC



RAY-O-VAC



RAY-O-VAC



RAY-O-VAC



RAY-O-VAC

ASK FOR

RAY-O-VAC
LEAK PROOFS

THE ADVENTURES
OF**POPSICLE
PETE**

AND

**BOB
FELLER**THERE'S SOME TINY WRITING
ON IT! BOY, AM I GLAD I
BROUGHT MY MAGNIFYING
GLASS ALONG!GOSH! THERE GOES ANOTHER HIT OFF
MY PITCHING! NOW AM I EVER GOING
TO STOP THESE BATTERS?WHAT'S THIS? SOMEBODY IN THE
GRANDSTAND IS TOSsing A
BALL AT ME!

LATER

PETE, YOU'RE
A HERO!NOT ME? BOB
FELLER IS
THE REAL
HERO!GEE, BOB! THANKS
FOR YOUR COACHING.
I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW
YOU WERE
HERE!THAT'S OKAY.
PETE! YOU DID
A FINE JOB! I'M
GLAD MY EXPER-
IENCE COULD HELP
YOU!

ENJOY

Popsicle Fudgsicle CREAMSICLEand **SAVE BAGS** for **SWELL GIFTS**ALWAYS GET THE OFFICIAL
GENUINE CASES
THEY ALWAYS SAY —"Save These Bags for Gifts" and also read
"Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp."HERE ARE
ONLY
A
FEW

Get your free list of all these wonderful gifts at your ice cream store.

Or write direct to Popsicle Pete at his address nearest to you:

 NEW YORK 1, N. Y. CHICAGO 10, ILL. LOS ANGELES 23, CAL. ATLANTA, GA.
 801 W. 26th St. 400 W. Ohio St. 2744 E. 11th St. 325 Elizabeth St., N.E.


WINGED JUSTICE

By TED ROSEN

THE young boy bit his lip, making a valiant effort to hold back the tears, as he heard his father's decision.

"I've been telling you for almost a week," Mr. Cane said irritably, "that I want you to get rid of those pigeons, and destroy that chicken coop arrangement you put up." He glared at Charlie. "I don't care who gave you the pigeons, they don't belong around this house."

Mr. Cane waved a fork at his wife. "You know that too, Martha, so don't try siding with the boy. He can find some other hobby. Hmpph. It's a wonder a man can't have a little peace and quiet around the house when he gets home to meals. I certainly don't get it at work."

Mrs. Cane looked at her son. She wished he could understand that only this trouble at the Claims Office, where Mr. Cane worked for the Government, made the boy's father so irritable. Prospectors were coming in crying that their claims had been jumped. Yet they could furnish no proof. She sighed. Well, maybe when the Marshal got here to investigate, things would be different. If only that Army Sergeant, who had pulled out with his detachment, hadn't taken such a fondness to young Charles and given him those two pigeons.

"Tomorrow I want that coop destroyed and those pigeons given away. Or I'll do it myself. You understand?" Mr. Cane asked his son.

The boy's lower lip trembled. "Yes, Pa." No use explaining again how special these pigeons were.

It seemed at dinner as though his whole world had crashed around young Charlie's head.

Just when the idea came to him to run away, he couldn't tell. All he knew was that he wanted to keep his pigeons. It was useless trying to argue with his father, to make him see.

"Yes, I know, Bear, what store you set by your pets," his mother said kindly as she came into the room to bid her son goodnight, "but I'm afraid this time we'll have to do what Dad says." She tried to manage a reassuring smile, knowing the boy's heartache. "Maybe when some of his work lessens, he'll send to Kansas

City and get some for you." She bent over and kissed him. "And now, son, goodnight."

In the darkness, Charlie lay wide awake. Outside in the soft summer night, he could hear the cooing of his birds.

He'd go into the hills, that's what. "And they'll never see me again," he said sadly, feeling sorry for himself, "not until I'm grown up. Then, they'll be sorry."

He stole from the house shortly after midnight. Under his arm was a small crate containing his pigeons. In his school knapsack, he had placed some cold meat and half a loaf of bread.

The weather had been unseasonably warm, and there was just the slightest chill as he struck out for the hills. Usually, it would be cold, so Charlie was grateful for the miraculous weather.

He reached the foothills and started to climb. He was not afraid of the night, but so preoccupied was he with his thoughts that he didn't notice the stars suddenly disappear, and the night cloud over.

With startling suddenness the rainstorm broke. It came down in torrents, accompanied by crashing rolls of thunder and lightning.

Panic struck at the boy as he realized he had lost his way. He cried out for help, and the sound was lost against the thunder and the wind. Then, as the heavens seemed to split open, Charlie saw the rude cabin. He ran toward it, fear lending wings to his bruised feet.

The door was locked, which was unusual. People in these hills didn't lock things. They trusted one another. "Help! Help!" Charlie banged on the door, his frightened cries rolling out one after another.

After moments that seemed years a flickering light appeared in the window. The door opened a crack, and a lantern was held in Charlie's face. The muzzle of a shotgun was in his stomach. A voice said, "What in tarnation. Why, it's a lad! Come in boy!"

Trembling with fear and cold, Charlie went into the rude room. A grizzled old prospector,

with kindly eyes, was looking at him. The old man had on a flannel night shirt. "What you doing here, boy?"

The scared lad blurted out the whole story, while the prospector rummaged for dry clothes. When Charlie finished his story, and was drinking some hot milk, the old man grinned. "Well, boy, guess I can't hold it agin you for running away. 'Pears to me I did it sort of regular when I was a shaver." He chuckled, looked at the pigeons. "Them's right cute birds, but nothing to run away from home fer." He scratched his grayed locks. "Now you just roll up by that fire and tomorrow you and I'll go back and explain to your paw. I got business with him anyhow."

Charlie's eyes widened. The old man, whose name was Nate said, "Yep. I got it written all down. Made my strike today, and I want to get it registered before them varmints that's been claim jumpin' try anything with me. Too many people, I'm afeard, know a man's business these days. That's why I kept the door locked and came up to you with a gun, lad."

Old Nate patted Charlie's head. "Now you just get right down to sleep." He watched while Charlie bedded down, then blew out the light. Outside, the storm beat against the cozy cabin. Charlie, tired out, closed his eyes. Time enough tomorrow to think.

The old man's outraged cry woke him in the morning. Charlie sat up, frightened. Two men, the lower part of their faces covered with bandannas, were holding guns on Nate. In his hand, one of the men held Nate's map, which had been on the table.

He turned, hearing Charlie. "Who's this kid?"

"Friend of mine," Nate said. He spat. "He won't hurt you claim jumpers."

The man nearest Nate roared. "Don't get riled, Pup," he said. "no one's getting hurt. We just happen to know you hit a vein yesterday. After one of us registers your claim, and comes back, you and the kid can be alone again." He nodded to his friend. "Get going, and back as fast as you can. I'll ride herd on these two."

His bright eyes menaced Nate. He picked up the prospector's shotgun. "Too bad we ate, Pop, or you could fix for us. No harm in you fixing your own chew, though. I'll be sitting right outside. Waiting and watching." He shrugged.

"This place smells."

Nate bridled, but said nothing. His eyes looked hopelessly at Charlie, then he said dourly. "I thought my mule got loose, and I opened the door to see. It was them claim jumpers." Nate shrugged. "Well, I guess there's nothing can be done. Might as well make the best of it boy. Once he registers that claim, it's his."

"But that's dishonest," Charlie cried.

"Sure boy," said Nate, readying a skillet. "But he's getting to your Pop's office afore me. I'd have to have wings to beat him."

Wings! Charlie's heart leaped. It was odd, but the men hadn't noticed the pigeons, in their covered coop. Luckily, the birds had remained quiet. "Nate," he said, "copy that map, quick. Maybe we can do something about it. I'll watch the door."

In whispers, Charlie explained. The old man scratched his head. "Tarnation," he said, "what an idee. Think it'll work?"

"I don't know," said Charlie. "It all depends on Mom."

The hours dragged by after breakfast, first one, then two, then three. It was past high noon, shortly after they had lunched, their captor still wearing his bandana covering his face, when a horse's hoofbeat sounded outside. The man said:

"Just sit tight. It's my pal, coming back." He got up, his gun ready.

A bulky form loomed in the doorway. A star glinted from the man's chest, and a ray went to the six gun in his hand. He fired as the claim jumper reached. The man went down, a bullet in his shoulder.

Nate blinked. "Sheriff," he gasped, "I was never so glad to see any one afore."

The man smiled. "Not Sheriff; Marshal. I came into town today to try to apprehend these claim jumpers." He looked at Charlie, and a big grin came over his face. "And much obliged am I to you, lad, for making it a short job." He hauled the wounded claim jumper to his feet. "We picked up his pal when he came in to register the stolen claim. That sure was a bright idea of yours son, to send that homing pigeon back with a message and Nate's claim. Your Mom caught on right away." He put an arm around Charlie's shoulder. "And she said to tell you to be sure and bring that other pigeon home. Your Dad wants to build a new coop for them!"

FRED "DIXIE"

WALKER

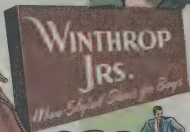
TOP-RANKING MAJOR LEAGUE
HITTING ACE, *Says*:

"BOTH MY BATTING EYE AND MY EYE FOR VALUE
HAVE TO BE SHARP.....THAT'S WHY I'M SUCH A STRONG
WINTHROP FAN.....WINTHROP SHOES ARE ON MY
ALL-STAR TEAM FOR STYLE, COMFORT
AND LONG WEAR!"

DIXIE'S SON HAS A LOT OF HIS
DAD'S KEEN EYE.....

FRED JR. *Says*:

"DAD AND I BOTH GO
FOR WINTHROP SHOES IN
A BIG WAY... DAD'S SHOES
AND MY WINTHROP JRS.
MATCH EACH OTHER
EXACTLY, EXCEPT FOR
SIZE.....OH, BOY! ARE
THEY SUPER."



SEE, DAD, THE ONLY
DIFFERENCE
IS THE SIZE!



WINTHROP JRS. for boys
Sizes 1 to 9

WINTHROP SHOES for men

Shown here is Winthrop's famous
Slack identically styled for men and
boys. Rawhide lace, triple decker
crepe and corrugated red rubber sole.

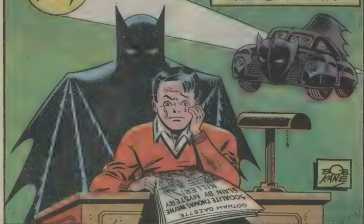
WINTHROP SHOE COMPANY · DIV. INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY · SAINT LOUIS

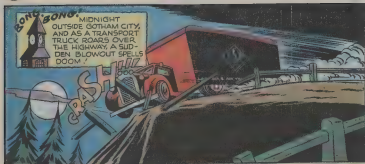
BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
"THE BOY WONDER"

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHY BRUCE WAYNE, A SOCIETY BLUE-BLOOD, CHOSE THE DANGEROUS CAREER OF BATMAN? WHAT MADE HIM BECOME A RELENTLESS, HARD-HITTING CRIME-FIGHTER? HOW DID HE TRAIN HIMSELF IN ATHLETIC AND SCIENTIFIC SKILL UNTIL HE BECAME THE NEMESIS OF THE JOKER, THE PENGUIN, CATWOMAN AND OTHER NEARARIOUS CRIMINALS OF OUR TIME? WHAT INSPIRED THE BATMOBILE AND THE BATPLANE? HERE IS THE ANSWER... THE INSIDE STORY OF A BOY WHO MADE A GRIM VOW... THE INSIDE STORY OF...

*"The Origin of
THE BATMAN!"*





WITNESSES TO THE DISASTER ARE BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER, HOMEWARD BOUND IN THEIR STREAMLINED BATMOBILE. AFTER AN EVENING OF CRIME-SMASHING...



AS ROBIN ADVANCES TOWARD THE STUMBLING MAN TO HELP HIM...





BUT, ROBIN, DAZED, UNWITTINGLY TRIPS BATMAN, AND DEATH HOVERS OMINOUSLY OVER THE CAPED MANHUNTER...

"I'M MEASURIN' YOU FOR A COFFIN, BATMAN—RIGHT NOW!"

ABRUPTLY, A BULLET FROM NOWHERE CLIPS THE MURDEROUS THUG...

BLAM!
UH...

"WE HEARD THE CRASH! I DIDN'T WANT TO KILL THAT TRIGGERMAN, BUT IT WAS HIM OR YOU!"

THE RADIO PATROL!

"SAY, THIS IS 'FEET' BORGAM. HE'S WANTED FOR A MURDER IN THE NEXT STATE. ALL STATE TROOPERS WERE TO WATCH FOR HIM IN CARS CROSSING THE STATE LINE."

"HMM... CONTAINER OF MILK... SANDWICHES... CIGARETTES... ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME IN THAT SECRET COMPARTMENT."

"THAT PROVES THE DRIVER KNEW HE WAS CARRYING 'FEET'."

"A NEW RACKET, EH? SMUGGLING HOT CROOKS ACROSS THE LINE INTO OTHER STATES."

"IT'S OBVIOUS THE DRIVER WASN'T ALONE IN THIS SET-UP. I WONDER IF THE OWNER OF THE LAND-SEA-AIR TRANSPORT CO. IS TOP MAN?"

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, COMMISSIONER GORDON SECURES QUICK INFORMATION...

THE REPORT SAYS THE NEW LSA OWNER BOUGHT OUT THE OLD OWNER, FIRED THE OLD TRUCKERS AND HIRED A NEW STAFF. THE OWNER'S NAME IS JOE CHILL. HERE'S A RADIO-PHOTO OF HIM...

THAT FACE... AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... IT'S HE! THE FACE OF THE MAN WHO KILLED MY PARENTS.

AND BATMAN'S THOUGHTS WHIRL HIM BACK TO A VIVID NIGHT MANY YEARS BEFORE... TO A NIGHT WHEN HE WAS WALKING WITH HIS PARENTS, THOMAS AND MARTHA WAYNE...

THIS IS A STICKUP! I'LL TAKE THAT NECKLACE YOU'RE WEARIN', LADY.

OH... NOT MY NECKLACE...

THOMAS!

YOU HOODLUM! DON'T YOU DARE PUT A HAND ON MY WIFE!

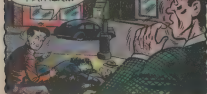
MAYBE YOU'LL KEEP QUIET... NOW!

THAT SINGLE BULLET REALLY KILLED TWO PEOPLE, FOR MARTHA WAYNE'S WEAK HEART STOPPED FROM THE SUDDEN SHOCK.

SOMETHING ABOUT YOUNG BRUCE'S EYES MADE THE KILLER RETREAT... THEY WERE ACCUSING EYES THAT MEMORIZED HIS EVERY FEATURE... EYES THAT WOULD NEVER FORGET...

THEY'RE DEAD! YOU KILLED THEM... YOU KILLED MY MOTHER AND FATHER...

STOP LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE THAT!





THE KILLER WAS NEVER FOUND, AND SOON AFTER, A YOUNG LAD MADE A GRIM PROMISE...

I SWEAR I'LL DEDICATE MY LIFE AND INHERITANCE TO BRINGING YOUR KILLER TO JUSTICE... AND TO FIGHTING ALL CRIMINALS! I SWEAR IT!

THE YEARS PASSED AS BRUCE WAYNE PREPARED FOR HIS CHOSEN CAREER!



HE MASTERED SCIENTIFIC CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION!

HE TRAINED HIS BODY TO SUCH PHYSICAL AND ATHLETIC PERFECTION THAT HE COULD PERFORM ANY DAREDEVIL FEAT...



THIS WAS BORN THIS WEIRD FIGURE OF THE SHADOWS... THIS AVENGER OF EVIL - **THE BATMAN!**

THEN, ONE DAY HE WAS READY FOR HIS NEW ROLE.

CRIMINALS ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS, COWARDLY LOT, SO I MUST WEAR A DISGUISE THAT WILL STRIKE TERROR INTO THEIR HEARTS! I MUST BE A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, LIKE A... A...

AND, AS IF IN ANSWER, A WINGED CREATURE FLEW IN THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW!

A BAT! THAT'S IT! IT'S LIKE AN OMEN! I SHALL BECOME A BAT!



SOME DAY, I'LL FIND THE KILLER OF MY PARENTS... SOME DAY...

His story changed slightly & actually his writing & lettering improved "somehow" over the years.



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SOME DAY, I'LL FIND THE KILLER OF MY PARENTS... SOME DAY...



AS BATMAN, BRUCE WAYNE HAD SEARCHED ALL CRIMINAL HAUNTS. BUT THERE'D BEEN NO SIGN OF THE KILLER—TILL NOW.

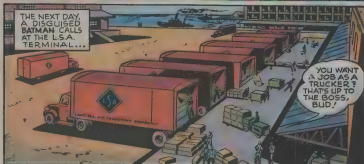
WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I'D LIKE TO TAKE OVER THIS CASE.

ODD! BATMAN LOOKED SO STRANGE WHEN HE SAID THAT. I WONDER WHY?

AT HOME, AFTER BATMAN EXPLAINS TO HIS YOUNG PARTNER...

THE KILLER OF YOUR PARENTS, EH? WELL... LET'S GO GET HIM.

SORRY, ROBIN. THIS IS ONE JOB I'M DOING ALONE! I DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN—YOU CAN UNDERSTAND WHY.



SO AT LONG LAST, BRUCE WAYNE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE MAN HE HAD VOWED TO TRACK DOWN!

HE HASN'T CHANGED! HE'S STILL CRUEL... STILL A KILLER!

ON YOUR WAY, PUNCHY! I ONLY HIRE GUYS I KNOW!

LATER...

HE'S CAGEY! ONLY WANTS DRIVERS HE'S SURE HE CAN TRUST. THAT KILLS MY CHANCES OF GETTING INSIDE HIS GANG. WHAT NOW?

I'VE GOT IT! I'M GOING TO BRING BUSINESS TO JOE CHILL!

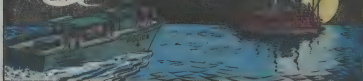
SHAP!



THAT NIGHT, BATMAN RIDES WITH THE POLICE HARBOR PATROL...

SO THAT SHOWBOAT IS REALLY A GAMBLING SHIP, EH?

YES! RUN BY MONTY JULEP. HE HAS ALL HIS CREW COSTUMED LIKE OLDTIME MISSISSIPPI GAMBLERS. HIS SHOWBOAT PADDLES AROUND OUTSIDE THE LEGAL LIMIT SO WE CAN'T ARREST HIM.



ONE HOUR LATER... ON THE GAMBLING SHIP, TWO SENTRIES IDLE AWAY THE TIME...

PETE, I THINK I'LL TRY SOME TARGET PRACTICE ON THAT 'SEA GULL'.

YOU SAA, THE SHOTS WOULD PANIC THE CHUMPS AT JULEP'S TABLES. PUT YOUR GUN AWAY!

A GOOD THING, TOO... FOR THE 'SEA GULL' IS IN REALITY A UNIQUE CAMOUFLAGE UNDER-WATER HELMET WORN BY BATMAN!



THEN, THE CHURNING STERNWHEEL CARRIES THE ACROBATMAN UNSEEN TO A TOP DECK!

TRICKY, BUT IT'S A SHORT-CUT TO THE WHEEL-ROOM!

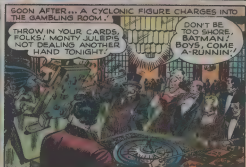


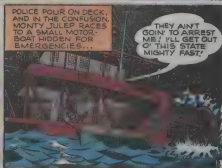
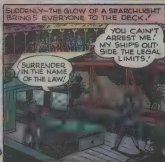
JUST A LITTLE MUTINY, CAPTAIN!

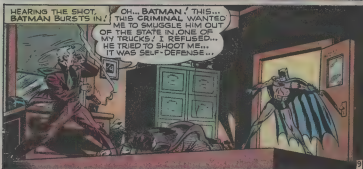
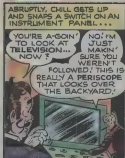
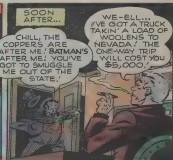
SOON AFTER... A CYCLONIC FIGURE CHARGES INTO THE GAMBLING ROOM.

THROW IN YOUR CARDS, FOLKS! MONTY JULEP'S NOT DEALING ANOTHER HAND TONIGHT!

DON'T BE TOO SHORE, BATMAN! BOYS, COME A-RUNNING!







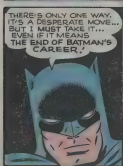


BATMAN



THAT NIGHT, A BROODING BATMAN WEIGHS HIS CASE AGAINST HIS ENEMY...

HM-MM, I'M CLOSING IN ON JOE CHILL- BUT HOW CAN I MAKE HIM CONFESS THAT HE KILLED MY FATHER?



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY, IT'S A DESPERATE MOVE... BUT I MUST TAKE IT... EVEN IF IT MEANS THE END OF BATMAN'S CAREER.



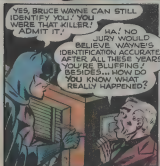
PRESENTLY, BATMAN CALLS ON JOE CHILL!

CHILL, I WANT TO TELL YOU A STORY... WITHOUT AN ENDING! MAYBE YOU CAN SUPPLY IT. IT BEGAN SOME YEARS AGO IN GOTHAM CITY... WHEN THOMAS WAYNE, HIS WIFE, AND YOUNG SON, BRUCE, WERE STOPPED BY A BANDIT...

YOU SAID... W-WAYNE?

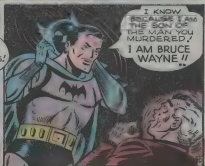


THE BANDIT KILLED THOMAS WAYNE... HIS WIFE DIED FROM THE SHOCK! FRIGHTENED THE COWARDLY KILLER RAN AWAY... BUT NOT BEFORE YOUNG BRUCE WAYNE MEMORIZED HIS FEATURES!



YES, BRUCE WAYNE CAN STILL IDENTIFY YOU! YOU WERE THAT KILLER! ADMIT IT!

HA! NO JURY WOULD BELIEVE WAYNE'S IDENTIFICATION ACCURATE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! YOU'RE BLUFFING! BESIDES... HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED?



I KNOW BECAUSE I AM THE SON OF THE MAN YOU MURDERED! I AM BRUCE WAYNE!!

Kane has good dramatic sense, great construction, is well educated and dedicated



THAT NIGHT, A BROODING BATMAN WEIGHS HIS CASE AGAINST HIS ENEMY...

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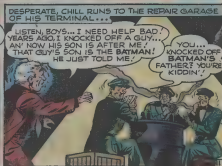
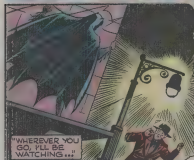
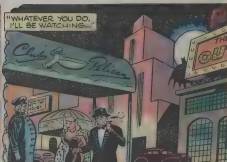
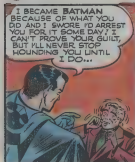
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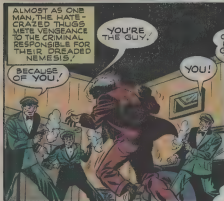
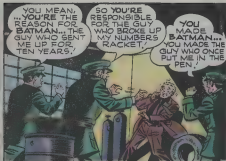
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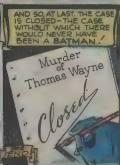
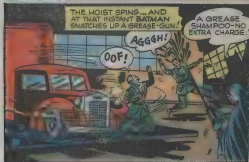






BATMAN





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Yes! I want 6 full-color Chiquita Banana transfers! Here's 5¢ and the top (and marked "Top") of a Kellogg's Corn Flakes package.

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ADDRESS _____

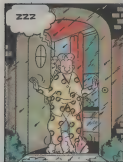
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U.S. ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



FOILING THE LUNATIC'S REVENGE



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB PICK UP A POLICE RADIO-FLASH...

...DANGEROUS LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM STATE ASYLUM... SEEKING REVENGE ON DOCTOR WHO HAD HIM COMMITTED...

STATE ASYLUM?! WHY, THAT'S JUST A MILE OR SO AWAY!



CRAZY, AM I? HEH-HEH... AFTER I GET MY HANDS ON THIS HORSE-AND-WAGON, I'LL SHOW THE GOOD DOCTOR HOW CRAZY I AM!



THE INSANE MAN LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE PASSING WAGON, AND...

NICE OF YOU TO "LEND" ME YOUR CHARIOT, HEH-HEH...



THERE'S OUR MADMAN, BOYS! BIKE OVER TO THE ASYLUM FOR HELP... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER HIM!



U.S. ROYAL CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDER-BENT MANIAC, AND RACING NECK-TO-NECK WITH THE FRIGHTENED HORSE...

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BUGGY-RIDE, MY BUGGY FRIEND!



LATER, AT THE ASYLUM...

NO TELLING WHAT THAT FELLOW MIGHT HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HIM...

I GLAD WE WERE AROUND, DOCTOR... AND LUCKY WE WERE RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYALS!



WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES--WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL



IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMPS" OF AMERICA by Thom McAn

TOM DENHART

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR
THE HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMP"
OF YOUR LOCALITY**"OUTSTANDING
BOY"**A STUDENT AT HUGHES HIGH
SCHOOL, CINCINNATI, OHIO


TOM DENHART is one of the most popular boys in his school—and with good reason! He's a versatile athlete, fine speaker, good student. Elected to Hi-Y Club, he's also senior adviser to school newspaper. Enjoys photography, experiments with trick lighting effects. Hopes to study law or journalism. Tom likes sports clothes; selected, as his favorite, Thom McAn shoe style shown below.

HE'S PRESIDENT OF "PARLATORS"
SPEAKING CLUB—WON HONOR
EMBLEM FOR DEBATING SKILLTOM'S HOBBY PAYS
A PROFIT! HE
TRAPS MUSKRATS
SELLS THEIR FURHE'S QUITE A
SKIER, TOO!TOM LOVES
SPORTS. BASKET-
BALL AND SWIMMING ARE
AMONG HIS FAVORITES

TOM SELECTS
THIS HANDSOME
THOM McAN STYLE
IN BOYS' SHOES...
A STURDY BEAUTY
IN RICH GRAIN-
LEATHER.
(BOY'S STYLE
NO. X24;
MEN'S STYLE
NO. 304)

SENIOR
CLASS
ELECTED
HIM
EDITOR OF
YEARBOOK

**AMAZING-- BUT TRUE!**

WHEN ASKED TO NAME THEIR FAVORITE SHOE, 3 TIMES AS MANY YOUNG AMERICANS PICKED THOM McAN AS THE NEXT NEAREST RIVAL! YOU, TOO, WILL "TAKE A SHINE" TO McAN STYLES LIKE THE ONE PICTURED HERE-- BECAUSE THEY KEEP THEIR SHINE FOR A LONG TIME, AND GIVE YOU REAL "GROWN UP" STYLING AND QUALITY AT AN AMAZINGLY LOW PRICE. VISIT THE GREEN-AND-WHITE THOM McAN SHOP-- WHERE ALL THE

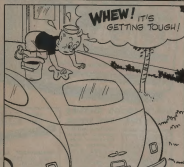
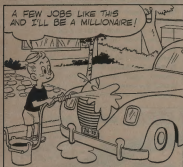
GANG GOES--AND SEE
THE SHOES YOU'LL BE
PROUD TO WEAR.

AMERICA'S MOST
POPULAR SHOE

Thom McAn

503 STORES - IN 299 CITIES



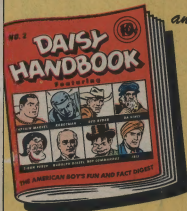


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